

Cowboy Reese
Mr. Mortl
Writing & Grammar
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The Haircut

I failed to tell the new worker at “Haircroppers” how I wanted me hair cut. He swung my chair away from the mirror. The noises that followed sounded like chainsaws, hedge trimmers, and helicopters. Then he swung the chair back to face the mirror. From the time he swung my chair around, I knew that would be my last visit to “Haircroppers.”

My hair or what was left of it was tinted a brown olive green color. I felt my hair. A slimey sticky residue came off on my hand. I gave a quirk smurk and vigorously rubbed the slime onto my pants.

Unbelievable enough, the quick smile I had given the barber was taken to be genuine and he quickly responded, “Glad you like it sir That’s my best one yet!”

Disgusted, I turned back to my hair. Maybe a wig was the way to go. I felt some of the olive green goop dribble down my neck. I felt my hair again and was immediately stopped by a blur of barbers hands. With rage in his voice he yelled “what are you trying to do, ruin a masterpiece?”

“Your masterpiece? More like your mess! What is this junk anyway? Some kind of greese?”

His voice was wavery, but refused to crack. “It’s my own creation.....face mud, hair spray, and avocado dip. When I heard that I roared, “Hold it!”

My face was beginning to twist, my scalp to burn. “Hose this junk off.” I couldn’t wait any longer and grabbed the hose myself. I turned it on and rinsed the

junk from my hair. Whew!! The solution came out into a brown puddle on the floor, along with great chunks of my hair.

Fortunately, I didn't have to pay for what I call today my hair's "worst day."

The writer is a 7th grader. Their ideas, organization, word choice, voice, and fluency are all very good. This writer is in the need of editing. There are several punctuation mistakes. They may need to spend some time revision some of their writing, but they need more time editing.